

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna near where the mine, known as the Eagle Tail, is located. They engage the services of Cruz Mendez, who is friendly to Kruger, to acquire the title for them, and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumping his claim. Bud discovers that Aragon's attempt to prevent Mendez from perfecting a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Aragon's daughter, Gracia, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own name. Bud objects to Phil's attentions to Gracia. Aragon falls in his attempt to drive them of the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"It is the desire of the Yagu," he had said, when rebuked for serving under the hated flag of Mexico, "to kill Mexicans. And," he added grimly, "the federals at this time seem best able to give us guns for that purpose."

But it had been a year now since Bule had passed his word and, though they had battled valiantly, their land had not been given back to them. The wild Yagu, the irreconcilables who never came down from the hills, had gone on the warpath again, but Bule and his men still served.

Only in two things did they disobey their officers—they would not stack their arms, and they would not retreat while there were still more Mexicans to be killed. Otherwise they were very good soldiers.

But now, after the long campaign in Chihuahua and a winter of idleness at Agua Negra, they were marching south toward their native land and, in spite of the stern glances of their leaders, they burst forth in weird Yagu songs which, if their words had been known, might easily have caused their Mexican officers some slight uneasiness.

It was, in fact, only a question of days, months, or years until the entire Yagu contingent would desert, taking their arms and ammunition with them.

"Gee, what a bunch of men!" exclaimed Bud, as he stood off and admired their stark forms.

"There's some genuine fighters for you," he observed to Phil; and a giant Yagu, standing near, returned his praise with a smile.

"Wy, hello there, Amigo!" hailed Bud, jerking his head in a friendly salute. "That's a feller I was making signs to up in Agua Negra," he explained. "Dogged if I ain't stuck on these Yagu—there's all men, believe me!"

"Good workers, all right," conceded De Lancey. "But I'd hate to have 'em get after me with those guns. They say they've killed a lot of Americans, one time and another."

"Well, if they did it was for being caught in bad company," said Hooker. "I'd take a chance with 'em any time—but if you go into their country with a Mexican escort they'll kill you on general principles. Say," he cried impulsively, "I'm going over to talk with Amigo!"

With a broad grin on his honest face he advanced toward the giant Yagu and shook hands ceremoniously.

"Where you go?" he inquired in Spanish, at the same time rolling a cigarette and asking for a sign for a match.

crazed old man who told for truth that which he feared would happen.

Notwithstanding the denouement, his story stirred the Mexican population to the depths, and when Bud and Phil tried to hire men to push the work on the mine, they realized that their troubles had begun. Not only was it impossible to engage laborers at any price, but on the following day Cruz Mendez, with his wife and children and all his earthly possessions on his burro, came hurrying in from the camp and told them he could serve them no more.

"It is my woman!" he explained; "my Maria! Ah, if those revoltosos should see Maria they would steal her before my eyes!"

So he was given his pay and the fifty dollars he had earned and, after the customary "Muchas gracias," and with the faithful Maria by his side, he went hurrying off to the store.

And now in crowded vehicles, with armed men riding in front and behind, the refugees from Motezuma and the hot country began to pour into town, adding to their very haste to the panic of all who saw them.

They were the rich property owners who, having been subjected to forced contribution before, were now fleeing at the first rumor of danger, bringing their families with them to escape any being held for ransom.

In half a day the big hotel presided over by Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was swarming with staring-eyed country mothers and sternly-subdued families of children; and finally, to add eclat to the occasion and compensate for the general confusion, Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios came driving up to the door with his wife and the smiling Gracia.

If she had been in any fear of capture by bold marauders, Gracia Aragon did not show it now, as she sprang lightly from the carriage and waited upon her lady mother. Perhaps, after a year or more of rumors and alarms, she had come to look upon impending revolutionary conflicts as convenient excuses for a trip to town, a long stop at the hotel, and even a dash to gay Gadsden in case the rebels pressed close.

However that may be, while Don Juan exerted himself to procure them a good room she endured the gaze of the American guests with becoming placidity and, as that took some time, she even ventured to look the Americans over and make some comments to her mother.

And then—or so it seemed to Bud—the mother glanced up quickly and fixed her eyes upon him. After that he was in less of a hurry to return to the mine, and Phil said they would stay inside for a week. But as for Don Cipriano, when he came across them in the crowded lobby he glared at them with malignant insolence and abruptly turned his back.

At La Fortuna he was the lord and master, with power to forbid them the place; but now once more the fortunes of war had turned against him, and he was forced to tolerate their presence.

The hand played in the plaza that evening, it being Thursday of the week, and as the cornet led with "La Paloma," and the bass viol and guitars beat the measure, all feet seemed to turn in that direction, and the fear of the raiders was stilled.

Around and around the band stand and in and out beneath the trees the pleasure loving maidens from down below walked decorously with their mothers; and the little band of Fortuna Americans, to whom life for some months had been a trifle burdensome, awoke suddenly to the beauty of the evening.

And among the rest of the maidens, but far more ravishing and high-bred, walked Gracia Aragon, at whom Bud in particular stole many secret glances from beneath the broad brim of his hat, hoping that by some luck the insurgents would come upon the town, and he could defend her—he alone. For he felt that he could do it against any hundred Mexicans that ever breathed.

CHAPTER XII.

In its inception the Fortuna hotel had not been intended for the use of Mexicans—in fact, its rates were practically prohibitive for anyone not being paid in gold—but, since most of the Americans had left, and seven dollars a day was no deterrent to the rich refugee land owners, it became of a sudden international, with a fine mixture of purse-proud Spaniards and race-proud American adventurers.

Not a very pleasing combination for

the parents of romantic damsels destined for some prearranged marriage of state, but very exciting for the damsels and most provocative to the Americans.

After the promenade in the plaza the mothers by common consent pre-empted the upstairs reception-room, gathering their precious charges in close; while the Americans, after their custom, foregathered in the lobby, convenient to the bar. Hot arguments about the revolution, and predictions of events to come served to pass the early evening, with many scornful glances at the Mexican dandies who went so insolently up the stairs. And then, as the refugees retired to their apartments and the spirit of adventure rose uppermost, Phil De Lancey made a dash out into the darkness and came back with a Mexican string band.

"A serenade, boys!" he announced, as the musicians filed sheepishly into the hotel. "Our guests, the fair señoritas, you know! We'll make those young Mexican dudes look like two-spots before the war is over. Who's game now for a song beneath the windows? You know the old stand-bys—'La Paloma' and 'Terecita Mia'—and you want to listen to me sing 'Me Gustan Todas' to Gracia, the fairest of the fair! Come on, fellows, out in the plaza, and then listen to the old folks cuss!"

They adjourned then, after a drink for courage, to the moonlight and the plaza; and there, beneath the shuttered windows and vacant balconies, the guitars and violins took up "La Paloma," while Phil and a few brave spirits sang.

A silence followed their first attempt, as well as their second and third, and the comisario of police, a mild creature owned and paid by the company, came around and made a few ineffectual protests.

But inside the company's concession, where by common consent the militant rurales kept their hands off, the Americans knew they were safe, and they soon jollied the comisario into taking a drink and departing. Then De Lancey took up the burden, and the string band, hired by the hour, strummed on as if for eternity.

One by one the windows opened; fretful fathers stepped out on the balcony and, bound by the custom and convention of the country, thanked them and bade them good night. But the two windows behind which the Señor Aragon and his family reposed did not open and, though the dwindling band stood directly under their balcony, and all knew that his daughter was the fairest of the fair, Don Cipriano did not wish them good night.

Perhaps he recognized the leading tenor—and the big voice of Bud Hooker, trying to still the riot—but, however it was, he would not speak to them, and De Lancey would not quit.

"Try 'em on American music!" he cried, as everyone but Bud went away in disgust, "the latest rag from Broadway, New York. Here, gimme that guitar, hombre, and listen to this now!"

He picked out a clever bit of syncopation and pitched his voice to a heady twang:

"Down in the garden where the red roses grow,
Oh, my, I look to go!
Think me like a flower, cuddle me an hour,
Lemme let me learn the Red Rose Rag!"

There was some swing to that, and it seemed to make an impression, for just as he was well started on the chorus the slats of one of the shutters parted and a patch of white shone through the spaces. It was the ladies, then, who were getting interested! Phil wailed on:

"Sweetest honey-bee, be sweet to me!
My heart is free, but here's the key!"

And then, positively, he could see that patch of white beat time. He took heart of grace at that and sang on to the end, and at a suggestion of clapping in dumb-show he gave an encore and ragged it over again.

"'Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it!" he began, as the shadow dance ceased.

"Honey, I declare, it's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear!" he continued temptingly, and was well on his way to further extravagancies when the figure in white swiftly vanished and a door slammed hard inside the house.

times in the morning to get his pardner up; "I'm going out to the mine!" Then, with a saddle-gun under his knee and his six-shooter hung at his hip, he rode rapidly down the road, turning out from time to time to let long cavalcades of mules string by. The dead-eyed arrieros, each with his combined mule-blind and whiplash swinging free, seemed to have very little on their minds but their pack-lashings, and yet they must be three days out from Motezuma.

Their mules, too, were well loaded with the products of the hot country—tamales of corn in red leather sacks, oranges and fruits in hand-made crates, panoches of sugar in balanced frames, long joints of sugar-cane for the dulce pedlers, and nothing to indicate either haste or flight.

Three times he let long pack-trains go by without a word, and then at last, overcome by curiosity, he inquired about the revoltosos.

"What revoltosos?" queried the old man to whom he spoke.

"Why, the men of Bernardo Bravo," answered Bud; "the men who are marching to take Motezuma."

"When I left Motezuma," returned the old man politely, "all was quiet—"

there were no revoltosos. Since then, I cannot say."

"But the soldiers!" cried Bud. "Surely you saw them! They were marching to fight the rebels."

"Perhaps so," shrugged the arriero, laying the lash of his topojo across the rump of a mule; "but I know nothing about it."

"No," muttered Bud, as he continued on his way; "and I'll bet nobody else does."

Inquiry showed that in this, too, he was correct. From those who traveled fast and from those who traveled slow he received the same wondering answer—the country might be filled with revoltosos; but, as for them, they knew nothing about it.

Not until he got back to Fortuna and the busy federal telegraph wire did he hear any more news of rapine and bloodshed, and the light which dawned upon him then was gradually dawning upon the whole town.

It was a false alarm, given out for purposes of state and the "higher politics" with which Mexico is cursed, and the most that was ever seen of Bernardo Bravo and his lawless men was twenty miserable creatures, half-starved, but with guns in their hands, who had come down out of the mountains east of Motezuma and killed a few cows for beef.

Thoroughly disgusted, and yet vaguely alarmed at this bit of operabouffe warfare, Bud set himself resolutely to work to hunt up men for their mine, and, as many poor people were out of employment because of the general stagnation of business, he soon had ten Mexicans at his call.

Then, as Phil had dropped out of sight, he ordered supplies at the store and engaged Cruz Mendez—who had spent his fortune in three days—to pack the goods out on his mules.

They were ready to start the next morning if De Lancey could be found to order the powder and tools, and as the afternoon wore on and no Phil appeared, Bud went on a long hunt which finally discovered him in the balcony of their window, making signs in the language of the "bear," as a

man who flirts with a woman in Mexico is called.

"Say, Phil," he hailed, disregarding his partner's obvious pre-occupation; "break away for a minute and tell me what kind of powder to get to break that schist—the store closes at five o'clock, and—"

He thrust his head out the door as he spoke and paused, abashed. Through the half-closed portal of the next balcony but one he beheld the golden hair of Gracia Aragon, and she fixed her brown eyes upon him with a dazzling, mischievous smile.

"Oh!" murmured Bud, laying a compelling hand on De Lancey and backing swiftly out of range; "so this is what you're up to—talking signs! But say, Phil," he continued, beckoning him perceptibly with a jerk of his head, "I got ten men hired and a lot of grub bought, and if you don't pick out that mining stuff we're going to lose a day. So get the lady to excuse you and come on now."

"In a minute," pleaded Phil, and he went at the end of his allotted time, and perhaps it was the imp of jealousy that put strength into Hooker's arm.

"Well, that's all right," said Bud, as Phil began his laughing excuses; "but you want to remember the Mañás, pardner—we didn't come down here to play the bear. When they's any love-making to be done I want to be in on it. And you want to remember that promise you made me—you said you wouldn't have a thing to do with the Aragon outfit unless I was with you!"

"Why, you aren't—you aren't jealous, are you, Bud?"

"Yes, I'm jealous," answered Hooker harshly; "jealous as the devil! And I want you to keep that promise, see?"

"Aw, Bud—" began De Lancey incredulously; but Hooker silenced him with a look. Perhaps he was really jealous, or perhaps he only said so to have his way, but Phil said that he was in earnest, and he went quietly by his side.

But love had set his brain in a whirl, and he thought no more of his promise—only of some subtler way of meeting his innamorata, some way which Bud would fail to see.

CHAPTER XIII.

For sixty days and more, while the weather had been turning from cold to warm and they had been laboring feebly to clear away the great slide of loose rock that covered up the ledge, the Eagle Tail mine had remained a mystery.

Whether, like the old Eagle Tail of frontier fable, it was so rich that only the eagle's head was needed to turn the chunks into twenty-dollar gold pieces; or whether, like many other frontier mines, it was nothing but a hole in the ground, was a matter still to be settled. And Bud, for one, was determined to settle it quickly.

"Come on," he said, as Phil hesitated to open up the way to the lead; "we got a month, maybe less, to get to the bottom of this; and then the hills will be lousy with rebels. If they're nothing here, we want to find out about it quick and skip—and if we strike it, by grab, they ain't enough red-faggers in Sonora to pry me loose from it. So show these hombres where to work and we'll be up against rock by the end of the week."

The original Eagle Tail tunnel had been driven into the side of a steep hill; so steep, in fact, that the loose shale stretched in long shoots from the base of the frowning porphyry dikes that crowned the tops of the hills to the bottom of the canyon. On either side of the discovery gulch sharp ridges, perforated by the gopher-holes of the Mexicans and the ancient workings of the Spaniards, ran directly up the hill to meet the contact. But it was against the face of the big ridge itself that Kruger had driven his drift and exploded his giant blast of dynamite, and the whole slope had been altered and covered with a slide of rock.

Against this slide, in the days when they were marking time, Bud and his partner had directed their energies, throwing the loose stones aside, building up walls against the slip, and clearing the way to the solid schist. There, somewhere beneath the jumble of powder-riven rock, lay the ledge which, if they found it, would make them rich; and now with single-jack and drill, they attacked the last huge fragments, blasting them into pieces and groveling deeper until they could strike the contact, where the schist and porphyry met and the gold spray had spewed up between.

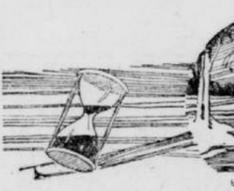
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Gracia Waved Him Good-Night.



"You Live Here?" Inquired the Yagu.



YEARS HAD LEFT THEIR MARK

Great Artist's Model for Divine Face Served Later in Depiction of That of Judas.

On the wall of an old monastery in Milan hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. It is said that this artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When he was ready to paint the face of Christ he could find none that would satisfy his conception. After years of careful search, says the Strand Magazine, the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bardinelli, a choir-boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the divine face.

All was done carefully and reverently, but the picture was yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter set about in search of a countenance. Years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said: "You have painted me before."

With amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bardinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, and fallen into shameful dissipation and crime.

Old Memories. Representative Simeon D. Fess of Ohio met an old friend in Washington the other day and they fell to discussing the ravages of time, especially in regard to loss of hair.

"Yes, I have a great prejudice against being bald," remarked Fess' friend, "but I guess I'm elected."

"Well, you know the old story about the big fly and the little fly," said Fess. "The big fly and the little fly were promening across an expansive bald head, and the big fly remarked to the little fly: 'See this fine, wide boulevard here? I can remember when it was nothing but a narrow cowpath.'"

Nature as Sculptor. A really remarkable natural curiosity is the tree known as the "Black Boy," near Tallangatta, Victoria. It gained its name from the curious formation assumed by a portion of the trunk in its process of decay, the likeness to a boy about to make a leap being extraordinary. Owing to its elevated position, this "statue" stands out in quite a startling manner.

CHARTER IS GRANTED TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

Texas Federation Is Officially Recognized—No Capital Stock—Headquarters at Austin.

Austin, Tex.—The secretary of state Tuesday granted a charter to the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs; no capital stock, and headquarters at Austin. This organization has been in existence for a number of years performing its work of fraternity, culture and education without a charter under the State laws. Now it has become essential, in order to carry out fully its objects and purposes as a fraternal and educational organization, to operate under a charter. The incorporators are: Mrs. J. B. Dibble of Seguin, Mrs. W. E. Spell of Waco and Mrs. Marshall Spoons of Fort Worth.

The officers who will serve the first year are: Mrs. Henry B. Fall of Houston, president; Mrs. Maggie Barry of Sherman, vice president at large; Mrs. W. C. Corbett of Houston, corresponding secretary; Mrs. R. P. Robbins of Cleburne, recording secretary; Mrs. Edmund Key of Marshall, treasurer; Mrs. H. P. Drought of San Antonio, auditor; Mrs. S. H. Bransford of Wichita Falls, president first district; Mrs. C. L. Bradford of Bonham, president second district; Mrs. W. T. Spencer of Marshall, president third district; Mrs. H. L. Cunningham of Beaumont, president fourth district; Mrs. H. B. Brown of San Antonio, president fifth district; Mrs. Fred Fleming of Dallas, Mrs. G. R. Scott of Corpus Christi and Mrs. Olga Kehlberg of El Paso, members of the executive board.

ACTION FOR REVENUE; TO LEVY WAR TAX

President Says "To Keep Treasury Strong" \$100,000,000 Yearly Must Be Raised.

Washington.—"We shall pay the bill, though we do not deliberately incur it," said President Wilson Friday, presenting before a joint session of congress his appeal for an emergency internal revenue measure to raise \$100,000,000, the government's probable loss in customs receipts because of the European war. Prompt action was necessary, the president said, "to keep the treasury strong." His only suggestion as to the method of levying the tax was that sources be chosen that would "begin to yield at once and yield with a certain and constant flow."

The appeal met with quick action. As soon as the president had left the house chamber amid an outburst of applause, Speaker Clark referred the message to the ways and means committee. Democratic members of the committee met Friday night at the call of the chairman, Representative Underwood, and began consideration of plans to raise additional revenue. Various members suggested sources which they believed would be properly subjected to additional taxation. On the list suggested were:

Gasoline, a tax of 1c or 2c a gallon; railroad and amusement tickets, a tax of 5 to 10 per cent; beer, an increase of 50c a barrel; domestic wines, whiskey, an increase of 15c a gallon; proprietary articles, tobacco and tobacco products, chewing gum, soft drinks, playing cards.

The proposal to tax railroad tickets was not received with enthusiasm by members of the committee, although it was estimated that a 5 per cent tax would raise \$40,000,000.

Chairman Underwood said the articles suggested would be gone over and a list of taxable articles agreed on by elimination. When the bill is completed in committee it probably will be brought into the house under a special rule and hurried through.

President Wilson was given an enthusiastic greeting when he entered the house chamber, escorted by Senators Kern, Gallinger and Representatives Underwood, Fitzgerald and Mann. The president said he had come to discharge a duty he wished he could avoid, but made it plain that additional revenue was necessary, and he performed his duty without hesitation or apology.

Interurban for West Texas.

Castroville, Tex.—An interurban railroad is being surveyed to connect Castroville with San Antonio to the Medina lake, passing through Castroville and opening up a very fine farming section which now is only used for pastures.

Bond Issues Approved.

Austin, Tex.—The attorney general's department Monday approved the following bond issues: Smith County road district No. 3, \$25,000; forty-fives, 5 per cent; Smith County common school district No. 1, \$900, twenty-fives, 5 per cent.

Refugees Leave Switzerland.

Washington—Switzerland is empty of Americans except those who expect to remain there, according to consular reports Tuesday to the state department.

Gunner Stricken Blind at Gun.

London.—One of the 300 British wounded who arrived at Southampton Wednesday was a gunner who was stricken blind while serving his gun. He said the Germans came up in closely packed lines and that the British guns simply slaughtered them.

Another Plague Case Found.

New Orleans, La.—Ethel Ticker, a 12-year-old white girl, was taken to the isolation hospital Wednesday suffering with bubonic plague.

TREASURY OF TEXAS HAS \$2,540,260 CASH

Report of Balances in State's Vaults Also Shows Bonds Aggregating \$20,688,705.

Austin, Tex.—The report of balances in the state treasury at the close of the quarter ending Aug. 31, just made by Treasurer J. M. Edwards, shows a total of \$2,540,260 in cash and bonds aggregating \$20,688,705.

To the credit of the revenue fund there is \$1,721,609 and the available university fund amounts to \$191,654. The available school fund is \$17,970 and permanent school fund \$35,028. Bonds purchased for the permanent school fund now aggregate \$19,577,180. The commutation pension fund has reached \$458,036. The net disbursements during the quarter was \$2,388,059.

The balances to the credit of the various funds are as follows:

General revenue, \$1,721,609; available school fund, \$17,970; permanent school fund, \$35,028 cash, \$19,577,180 bonds; permanent university fund, \$191,654 cash, \$19,577,180 bonds; permanent blind school land sales account, \$2,741 cash, \$128,490 bonds; permanent deaf and dumb school land sales account, \$4,992 cash, \$119,839 bonds; permanent orphan asylum land sales account, \$4,222 cash, \$39,550 bonds; Agricultural and Mechanical College, \$6,150 cash, \$26,900 bonds; unappropriated county tax fund, \$16,701; re-emption lands in unorganized counties, \$2,675; available university fund (medical branch), \$1,235; available lunatic asylum land sales account, \$8,101; available deaf and dumb school account, \$8,143; available blind school account, \$9,207; available orphan asylum land sales account, \$3,517; cost advertising lands in unorganized counties, \$623; pro rata indebtedness fund, \$2,185; escheated estate fund, \$5,922 cash, \$375 bonds; settlement of estates fund, \$21,331; fish and oyster fund, \$37,218; special loan tax fund, \$79,409 bonds; Hockley County special school tax, \$423; endowment fund medical branch university, \$636 cash, \$5,800 bonds; Bailey County special tax, \$178; pure food fund, \$3,650; game, fish and oyster fund, \$7,290; prison commission account, \$17,774; confederate pension fund, \$465,036; board of water engineers, \$352; Winkler County special tax, \$15; Upton County special tax, \$17; fund for volunteers from Texas in war with Spain, \$5,995.

The disbursements were as follows: General revenue, \$1,286,188; available school fund, \$365,560; permanent school fund, \$158,593; available university fund, \$145,637; available university fund (medical branch), \$1,466; fish and oyster fund, \$5,352; endowment fund medical branch university, \$30; pure food fund, \$846; game, fish and oyster fund, \$1,061; prison commission account, \$49,499; confederate pension fund, \$338,695; pure food fund, \$3,832; volunteers from Texas in war with Spain, \$7; board of water engineers, \$446.

Battle in Clouds Over Paris. Paris.—A fight in the air over Paris took place Wednesday afternoon. Three German aeroplanes hovered over the capital and immediately two French machines were sent up to engage them.

Meanwhile rifles and machine guns mounted on public buildings kept up a constant fire. By this means one of the German machines became separated from the other and the French aviator flew swiftly in its direction. The German opened fire, to which the Frenchman replied vigorously.

The engagement seemed to turn to the disadvantage of the German, who mounted speedily to a higher level, and holding this position was saved from further attack. He finally disappeared in a northwest direction over Fort Romalville, after a vain pursuit.

The other German aeroplanes also escaped the fire of the guns and after circling about for a considerable time disappeared from view.

Rough Rice Movement is Larger.

New Orleans, La.—There was a slight increase in the movement of rough rice Friday, 15,186 sacks being reported, most of which were damp goods, but owing to the active demand all found a ready outlet.

Another Plague Case Found.

New Orleans, La.—The number of bubonic plague cases since the first one was discovered, June 29, reached twenty-two Saturday when the illness of Elmore H. Read, a white man 30 years of age, was diagnosed as plague.

Sweet Bizzell for A. and M.

Denton, Tex.—The directors of the A. and M. College have tendered to W. B. Bizzell, president of the College of forty-fives, 5 per cent; Smith County common school district No. 1, \$900, twenty-fives, 5 per cent.

Canal Earns \$55,000.

Panama.—During the first week of business the Panama canal earned approximately \$55,000, not including the amount collected for barge service and payments made in advance for ships on their way to use the canal.

Texan With Red Cross Unit.

Washington.—Dr. Charles H. Sanders, formerly of Calvert, Texas, and Oklahoma City, is to be medical director of one of the units being sent to Europe by the American Red Cross.

Gathering Crops at Harlingen.

Harlingen, Tex.—Corn is still coming in and many cars are loaded every day. Most cotton has been gathered and ginned, but none is being sold, the farmers preferring to take it home or await a better price.

Pros Win Henderson County.

Athens, Tex.—In a prohibition election held in Henderson County this week the result was in favor of prohibition as follows: